



The Right to Arm Bears



7 0 1

Chapter 1 by Kenric “Ken” King

(We start out in pure darkness. Then we see barred lines on the head of a bunny looking down, made to make us believe that we are watching a bunny in a cage. Then we here an idle and screams chants and an outrage grows in sound. The door suddenly receives 3 louds bangs and the bunny looks up. We now see the two doors open in a french door style and we see man dressed in SWAT uniforms and the bunny gets up and starts walks out. As he reaches the slight jump down we see the Bunny is in handcuffs and dressed in a nice suit. We see him walking up the jailhouse steps we see animals in the background with picket signs and screaming and being forced back by SWAT members.)

Prosecutor: (we are still watching him walk up the stairs) Why are you here? Do you know what you do or more to say what you did? (we now see inside the courthouse and meet Harold Hares) Your honor the fact that the witness refuses to say anything without pleading the fifth seems a little unfair to the plaintiff.(Mother Nature looks down at the bunny and he looks up)

Mother Nature: Well do you have anything to say for yourself? Do you not feel?

Bunny: You want to know how I feel. I've done many a thing related to the death of others and yet I still walk. I have went beyond for someone to feel the reach of my employers and yet I have not been damned to hell. I have been drugged and beaten to where I have felt fire so your

Life-time incarceration is nothing to the eternity I have awaiting me and if you think I feel the
 littlest piece of remorse I don't. See more of Story Wars [see reasoning](#) but (someone

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Bunny: I wear that title with no regret and you sit down before I force my way too you and make my escape.

Harold: You think you can just get up and leave? There are at least 30 SWAT members here for you alone. Not to mention that if you did get past them you wouldn't make it past all the rioters who are just waiting to get a chance at you. (Hare walks closer and comes goes to bunny's ear and whispers) You're going down and there's nothing you or your employers can do.

The plaintiff would like to call the second witness Victoria Volens. (We see Victoria walk down the center aisle dressed in black.) Victoria let me be the first to say that I'm sorry that your husband might've been taken away by a person in this room.

Victoria: Well thank you. I will never forget the way that he used to call me Vic and all I want is revenge for him (she looks over at bunny, he's still looking down).

Harold: So Misses, ah hem sorry Miss Volens where were you on the night of the third day after equinox of the fall?

Victoria: I was in my den with my late husband.

Harold: Can you explain the night and the events that took place?

Victoria: (As Victoria talks we see the story unfolding.) Well as I said before I was at home with Frank and he said that he had wanted to step out to our garden and get us some fresh seeds for dinner and that he would be back in a quick gif to make me dinner. It was the first Tuesday we were living in our new den. It had beautiful dark marble tiles and a lovely root wallpaper. We had no way to afford this house and the bank rejected our loan so I wondered where he got the money. I knew better than to ask and whenever I brought it up he would say don't worry about it. Words spreading around that there's a new promotion at work. Then two days before my husband and that quack-hole of a goose laid off my Frank.

Harold: I'm sorry Ms. Volens. I don't mean to interrupt, but you said that you lack the knowledge of where Frank Volens received the money. Is that true?

Victoria: Why yes. He never gave me the full details, but I suspect he could have worked overtime in the office to really make that extra money.

Harold: Really, Is that so, because Ms.Volens we actually have evidence that your husband was gambling in the pink cougar. I know this may be a shock to you, but he actually got into a lot of

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there is an underground group of radical mice, but the rich wouldn't get their hands dirty. That's why he's the hitman.

Mother Nature: That's a little far fetched.

Harold: I'm sorry. I've seemed to go off on a tangent. Anyway let us return to Ms. Volens side of things. (Victoria is crying)

Victoria: (Sobbing) I'm sorry. He said he was working overtime, but he was really (she cries harder) I knew he had problems in the past. He had been to the track too many times and had landed us in debt more times than I can count. (the fox got up)

Fox: Ahh the truth em...

Swat 1: Shut up fore I come down and shut you up.

Harold: This seems like a bad time to continue. Your honor I would like to call for a quick recess. (mother nature looks down at the distraught witness)

Mother Nature: I'll allow it. (We focus on Victoria is on the witness chair wiping her eyes and Harold is talking to a group of esteemed peers. We see the fox and he coughs into his hands. He then rapidly lowers then and we see a paperclip moving around and then sudden clicks, but no rattling of chains.)

Mother Nature: I now call this court back in session. (Victoria seems to be in a better condition.)

Harold: I'm sorry I have to bring this up, but how much debt were you in?

Victoria: 10,000 dollars, maybe a couple thousand more. I'm not really sure. (she slightly starts crying.) The plaintiff rest. Your witness.

Jacqueline The Vixen: (Jacqueline rose up and approached the witness) I would just like to say I'm sorry for your lost Ms. Volens.

Victoria: Thank you Ms.

Jacqueline: Ms. Jacqueline Vixen. I'm sorry I didn't introduce myself, but the witness stand seems a tad bit unprofessional, don't you think?

Victoria: (wiping her eyes) I can see (sob) your point.

Jacqueline: Well my first question for you is what was your husband wearing on the night of the incident. Was he well dressed or was he dressed in his average attire?

Harold: Objection how does this pertain to the case? This seems like an irrelevant question.

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second hand.

Jacqueline: How about you Ms.Volens? We talked about Frank Volens, but what about you? Do you work? How about your Sunday best?

Victoria: Me work, oh no. Frank insisted that I would stay at home and be pampered even though I would often do house work and occasionally cook meals, but Frank did pick up his fair share of the work. (a little confused) As for my Sunday best I had a lovely long vermillion sundress embroidered with a simple, but elegant white lace.

Jacqueline: I see you have a lovely black Cobravani jumper dress on. They run for usually a couple hundred dollars. It's out of your price range according to your previous statement so where did you get it?

Victoria: Well my nice friend Michael.

Jacqueline: Well I'm sorry to interrupt, but who is Michael.

Victoria: Well um um Michael is (slowly going down in loudness) a (cough) field mice.

Jacqueline: I'm sorr yI didn't catch that last part and I'm about 5 feet away from you so I doubt the Jury heard you.

Victoria: (Speaking loudly and clearly) Michael is a field mice.

Jacqueline: Well how long have you know this mouse? And would this happen to be Michael Malcolm, one of the richest mice in this neck of the woods.

Victoria: He is. I've known him for a while.

Jacqueline: Oh I'm sorry darling in the courtroom we need a date. A time frame. Like just two weeks or some months.

Victoria: The 24th date after last summer.

Jacqueline: 5 seasons. Thats over a year You and Mr. Malcolm must be good friends. So what is your relationship with Michael?

Victoria: We are very good friends he's helped me a lot since Frank's death.

Jacqueline: And have you ever been with Frank?

Victoria: I don't understand the question?

Jacqueline: Have you and Mr.Malcolm been more than friends in terms of a bedroom.

Victoria:(Shyly) Yes

Jacqueline: Was this before or after your husband's death?

Victoria: During and after. (she is crying)

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Quick side note the bunny is the fox sorry don't know what I like more

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